

SHALLOW GRAVES

Anti-Flag

In the lotteries of stolen fate
To clear the way, gas up the trade
To rape the soil to the end days
Where they bury our soul in a shallow grave
In a shallow grave

Gold mountain ghost, spirit remains
For the destitute, for the cast away
Manifest destiny to fill our shame
Where they bury our soul in a shallow grave
In a shallow grave

In a shallow grave
In a shallow grave
In a shallow grave

Bodies piled on the border lines
Shots of patron in the friendly skies
Futures detained on the Rio Grande
Will wash their blood right off your hands

In a promised land
In a promised land
In a promised land
What promise?

We are the warmth of the other suns
Five hundred years of violence undone
We are the sins that you will not forget
The broken promise of the innocent
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Five hundred years of violence undone
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